



The Journal of Tom James Johnson



By Alexis Dejesus



Prologue

Almost everyone is getting sick. The town is almost vacant and the air is filled with a distinctive stench, almost like garbage and vomit. What could have caused this sickness. The mayor says nothing can be done other than protecting yourself from the spreading bacteria. He says try hard to stay in your house and be cautious of who you trust. How will I know if I have the sickness? I'm beginning to wonder how long this town will last? How long will I last?

June 18,1963,

I moved to this town because my parents died. While I was home they were driving to my aunt's house. While they were driving they got hit by another car who ran a red light. I was sixteen, I couldn't take the bear pain anymore so I moved to this town in Missouri. I remember waking up being depressed because I missed my parents so much. Now I'm thirty - two and I still can't stand the fact that my parents are gone. I go to sleep hoping I would wake up to a dream that my parents weren't dead, but I just wake up to reality. I see my dad's hazel eye bursting out of his socket while the other one is dead... his hair blowing in his face and his smirk. Then I notice that I'm just looking at myself in the mirror. I don't like sharing these feelings with others because I feel like they just won't understand, I guess that's why I left my family, grandma and grandpa.

June 20,1963,

I went looking for a job today. I realized that the town of Glasgow has changed from when I first came here. It was usually where people would come if they were vacationing in Missouri, now it's more quiet. Everyone seems so trapped in their house for a reason, I do not know yet. As I was walking down the street I felt the residents eyes piercing through my soul as they watched me from their curtains. Well it is the first time I really went out. I too was trapped in my house because I hated the world. Maybe they know something that I don't. Anyway I found a job, as a nurse at the Glasgow hospital. I work for a doctor named Dr. Calicar. Maybe he knows what's going on...

June 21,1963,

As I walked in the hospital, I saw and heard a lot of sick people. The smell of vomit and sweat filled the air as the sound of cries from the frightened patients came from the different rooms. There must have been about thirty patients that day and all the patients had the same symptoms of high fever and nausea. I could tell Dr. Calicar was frightened from the confused expression on his pale face. He didn't know what was going on. He suspected that there was a mysterious bacteria in the air and that's why all these people were getting sick. I wondered if that was why, all those people were in their house and scared to come out. By the end of my shift I felt so dizzy from drawing blood from patients all day. At least six of the patients died that day and that made me real sad.

June 22, 1963,

I woke up early and went to brush my teeth when I heard my doorbell ring. As I opened the door and I saw the pale face of Dr. Calicar. He quickly told me that I needed to come to the hospital right away. We finally made it to the hospital after driving my old rusty truck in the rain for twenty minutes. Dr. Calicar eagerly rushed up the stairs as if he invented something and was anxious for me to see it. I followed him as he lead straight to his quiet office where the sound of rain was the only thing that could be heard, everything else was inaudible. Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, pitter-patter. Dr. Calicar flipped through the pile of papers on his desk and showed me the results of the patient's tests from yesterday. They all seemed to have a disease called Dryhanten, a deadly disease in which no one has a cure for. He then, called the mayor and told of his discovery. As Dr. Calicar hung up the phone he told me all the facts he found out about Dryhanten.

"The disease was discovered in the 1400's by an anonymous doctor. It is from bacteria in the air and it could not be spread easily. Dryhanten mostly harms people who are outside more and can kill people within two years. Symptoms of this terrible disease are dizziness, vomiting, stomach pains, rashes, and swollen tongue." Terrified and curious I listened to everything he said. I asked Dr. Calicar how we could protect ourselves. He said that we couldn't.

Dr. Calicar suggested that we stay in the hospital till the disease goes away, he said everything that we need is here. If one of us gets sick the other can help out quickly and effectively. That sounds like a good idea, I exclaimed, but we need to get our clothes.

Instantly he replied that it didn't matter. Well what about warning people? As he was saying that the mayor would I frustratingly replied well what if he says it too late, what about the children, if they get Dryhanten they won't be able to last for two months. Dr. Calicar seemed like he didn't care so I just left. I scurried home and gathered some important things, such as soap, toothpaste/ toothpaste, and some clothes. I went to my neighbors and told them what was going on and agreed to come back to the hospital so there we went. When we got to the hospital Dr.Calicar hesitated to let us in but he did anyway. He divided the forty two residents in all too groups of three in each group so they could protect one another. Dr. Calicar gathered everyone together to tell us what was going on and the rules that should be followed. Most of us then went to sleep.

June 24,1963

By now most of us already knew each other pretty well and got used to each other, but the thought of Dyhanten never left our minds. Most of the people in the hospital they so called home, called their family to tell them what was going on, some of them had no one to tell. Dr.Calicar thought that it would be a good idea if we got to know each other better so we went to a spacious area to talk about our lives. I really hated the thought of sharing my life but as i was walking back to my room i had this feeling that told me to stay, and that it would be good for me to let things out. I thought that nobody would care anyway. Eveyone got in a circle and shared, most of them shared about good and happy times, like their family reunion or spending the holidays with their family. Surprisingly some people also shared things that I could relate in my situation. When it

was my turn I instantly froze while looking at all the different faces staring back at me.

As I opened my mouth the words just wouldn't come out as if I lost my voice. I started to tear but I was brave enough to start sharing my story.

" My parents died when I was sixteen in a car accident, they were best things God gave to me but now I feel like he just pulled them from earth up into the sky. I still think about them each and every day but it's just hard..."

I stopped, I couldn't take it anymore. I ran up to my room and kept crying and crying until I couldn't cry anymore. Until all the water from my body emptied on to my pillow. I could waste my time crying but what's that going to do for me, I thought in my head. Then, I slowly walked down stairs to do something with myself, I decided to cook. All there was in the kitchen cabinet was chicken soup, that's what we were eating for the past day. It kinda tasted like mushy dried chicken poured in water, but no one wanted to risk their lives to get some good food. This disease is taking over our lives and we can't do anything about it which makes me upset. I feel weak and feel like my feelings don't matter anymore, like I'm invisible. Later that day it was time to check on my patients. I do that seven days a week every 10 hours each day except for when I'm sleeping. I really enjoy helping people out but now that I know what's going on I feel scared and sorry for them. What are scientists trying to do to help get rid of this disease taking over our town? When I told the patients what was going on they were aghast and really scared. Let's just see what this world has in store for us.

June 25, 1963,

I woke up to the sound of coughing in the room almost like someone choking. It was Terry, one of my roommates. His frightened eyes popping out of his sockets, while trying to catch his breath. Not knowing what to do, I instantly went to Dr. Calicar. He rushed with me back into the room where he guided Terry to one of the other rooms. There Dr. Calicar started to ask Terry some questions.

“ When did you start coughing?” , Dr. Calicar asked.

“ I can't remember... I can only remember waking up because I had to cough.”

“ Okay, how did it feel when you woke up, I mean like did you feel other things other than having to cough?”

“ I kinda felt dizzy and my neck hurt really bad like it was swollen and I couldn't breathe.”

As I was listening to him describing how he felt I pictured him in my head. I imagined that it was me that was coughing and I suddenly felt a chill in my body.

" Am I going to die?", Terry asked in a soft tone, almost inaudible to hear.

" Only god knows what's going to be the outcome.", Dr. Calicar said, not actually answering his question.

All these thoughts raced through my head.

I suddenly shouted,

" what is the mayor going to do about this?"

The room got quiet as Terry and Dr. Calicar looked at me like I was crazy or something. What am i doing wrong? Im trying to go through this like a normal person, but how can i if this situation is not normal for me. The mayor isn't even trying to help us or atleast not that i know of. Im tired of waiting but thats all i can do. Just sit here and watch the longevity of the residents decreasing.

June 26,1963,

Surprisingly Mayor Arnold stopped by to have a discussion with Dr.Calicar. Every ones eyes were stuck on him as he was walking to Dr.Calicar's office. I couldn't help myself but to go and follow him to see what they were going to talk about. His voice was very deep so it was hard for me to understand what he was saying.

"Good afternoon Dr.Calicar. I've heard you have some news to tell me.", the mayor stated.

" As a matter of fact I do. I have discovered that Dryhanten a deadly disease has come into contact with the town of Glasgow sir." Dr.Calicar replied.

" I see, well how many people have died?"

" About 10 sir, but why does it matter?"

" Not many people have died from this deadly disease so we shouldn't take this situation that seriously.", mayor Arnold answered

" What do you mean not take this situation seriously, your residents are suffering and

you don't think that's serious!", Dr Calicar argued as his voice got louder

" Well no I'm just saying..."

" You don't know what your saying, now I would like you to leave my hospital!"

Dr.Calicar shouted while interrupting him.

Everyone watched as the mayor left the hospital. There was a blank expression on his face and everyone could tell he didn't understand what just went on.

" There goes our help... What a jerk!", Dr.Calicar mumbled.

June 27,1963,

Today the mayor came again, but this time he brought scientists or whatever with him. I guess he felt bad about yesterday and wanted to make things right. He asked for permission from Dr.Calicar to check out the patients with the help of his friends. Dr.Calicar nodded. First the mayor went into Terry's room. The scientists started asking questions similar to what Dr.Calicar asked, the scientists were more curious about how Terry felt. He asked like when did you wake up?, what was going through your head?, what were some symptoms?,and how did you feel? Terry was so sick he didn't know what to say. His face looked swollen and he had a really bad cough. After Terry mayor Arnold went to the other patients, writing down his data. After that he started taking blood samples from the patients.When he was finished he just left, without saying a word.That was really weird. He is up to something and i want to find out what.

June 30,1963,

The scientists came today with a “cure”, They said it would help out the patients, but they didn't test it on animals or other humans. I was quite concerned, they made that in three days and they didn't test it out on humans. If i was a patient I wouldn't take the cure. It took twenty minutes to inject the cure into like thirty patients. He wanted Dr.Calicar and the rest of the people who weren't sick to be injected also. I instantly said no while Dr.Calicar said it with me. He was suspicious too. The rest of the people took it. Dr.Calicar must have been really scared because when we were about to go to sleep he locked the doors of the people who took the cure, since we were the only ones in the hospital who didn't get the cure we stayed in one room together. Dr.Calicar scared me even more locking the patients in their rooms like they were wild animals, and were going to eat us, but i hoped that everything would be okay.

July 1,1963

This morning i heard some noise coming from one of the rooms. I could tell by the noise that they were trying to get out of the locked room. It was sort of scary hearing the noise coming from the room. I wanted to open the door but i was too scared to. Maybe they really turned into wild beasts, well that's impossible, that's like living in a fantasy and that is not how the world is meant to be. I woke up Dr.Calicar since hes the only person i could trust.

“ Dr.Calicar wake up.”, I muttered.

“ What is it Tom?”, Dr.Calicar asked.

"Someone is making noise in one of the rooms and I'm getting scared." I kinda felt like a child asking for comfort from my dad.

"Lets go see what it is." he replied

We slowly crept through the dark hallway to the room that made the most noise. Since the doors all had little mirrors on the top so we could peek in, almost like a mental facility it made it easy for us to look then just go in. Both of us were scared as we tip toed to the room. When we stood on our toes to peek through the mirror the noise suddenly stopped. Almost like they could hear from miles away and they didn't us to know what they were doing. Dr.Calicar then knocked on the door to see if there would be a reply.

" Hello is anyone awake?", Dr.Calicar asked.

" Yes.", we heard a reply but couldnt tell who it was.

Dr.Calicar then opened the door slowly while I hid behind him. Everything seemed fine until we looked at the faces of the three patients in that room, one of the patients in that room was Terry. All their faces were cherry red and they were panting like a dogs out of breath. They were all laying in their beds with sweat all over them. Dr.Calicar took the temperatures of the three patients and was realy concerned. Their temperatures were all one hundred eight degrees fairinhieght. How could they survive that much hotness in their bodies. He then quickly offered some water. It was really nervwraking.

July 2,1963,

All the patients became more sick today and Dr.Calicar decided to call the mayor.

" Hello is this the mayor?" Dr.Calicar asked.

"Yes it is how can I help you Dr.?", Arnold replied.

" We have an emergency and I need you and your scientists to come right away.",
Dr.Calicar stated.

" I'll be on my way.", Arnold replied in a tone that made us think that he was bummed
about coming

When Arnold came through the door he could tell that the hospital has changed
from the last couple of times he came here. It was more louder and smelt like urine
and sweat. Dr.Calicar rushed him and his scientists over to the first door where he
asked them to peek in. They saw three people laying on the floor dying slowly. Then
he opened the door so they could go in. They were so surprised and didn't know
what to say. They then took their temperatures which were onehundred ten degrees
farienhieght, which increased from yesturday.

"How did this happen?" Arnold asked, a stupid question.

" How do you think this happened, your scientists made them even more sick!",
Dr.Calicar answered like he was getting ticked off.

The mayor stayed quiet for the rest o the time he was in the hospital.

" Now what do we do?, Dr.Calicar asked.

The scientists shrugged their shoulders like they didn't care about the patients.

" It's your fault you have to do something!!!" Dr .Calicar yelled.

One of the scientists spoke,"How about you leave your patients in the hospital and just go back to your house."

Dr.Calicar took a while to think as the mayor and his scientists left.

" Tom do you think we should leave our hospital, we'll have eachother for protection. Plus there is no way to help our patients." Dr.Calicar stated in denial.

" Umm I guess if there is no way to help we must leave." I replied also in denial.

As we were getting ready to leave Dr.Calicar left a whole bunch of water and chicken soup on the counter. He unlocked the patient's doors then as we were leaving he locked the front door. I could tell leaving the hospital was a rusty sword penetrating his heart. He was really upset.

We decided to go to my house since it was the closest to the hospital. I suddenly remember thinking about how the patients are going to become monsters. Maybe it is true.

"Dr.Calicar, what do you think would happen to the patients.", I asked.

" I truely do not know, Tom", Dr.Calicar replied.

We sat in an akward silence for a while.

" Tom, what do you think is going to happen to the patients?", Dr.Calicar asked.

" Well I have a crazy idea. Since the patients could live through onehundred ten degrees maybe they are metamorphasizing into like a different species of life." I answered.

" Wow I never thought of that!" Dr.Calicar said.

I thought he was being sarcastic but he did really think that it was plausible. We were both tired so we went to sleep.

July 3,1963,

This morning I woke up with a terrible cough and I was really petrified. I hated the thought of me having Dryhanten and I just couldnt believe it. Dr.Calicar couldnt believe it either. He wondered where and when I got the disease, I wondered how come he didnt have the disease so I was pretty confused. Even though I had Dyhanten I was good enough to go check out the hospital. When we drove up to the rusty hospital we heard alot of noise. It was so loud I didnt even want to walk up to it let alone examine it. There were loud soundings of bangs on the front door and from the outside we could tell that no one has got out but they wanted to. I noticed a little window to the kitchen so I crept up to the mirror and I wished I didnt. All I saw was a whole bunch of dark figures all over the place. They were all tall and had alot of muscles. Their vienes popped out of their faces and they all looked the same, not one of them unique. I called Dr.Calicar over and he was speachless. Thats when we realized that this wasnt a game or a fantasy and that these people were going to kill us. We had to go home because my

cough started getting more serious. When we got home Dr.Calicar started giving me cough medicine which helped a little but not alot.

"Im scared.", I stated.

"Why?", Dr.Calicar asked

"Im scared of dying. Lets face it we are both going to die no matter what.", I answered.

"Well thats just how the world has to be." Dr.Calicar said.

I looked at him like he was crazy. How could he say that, is he happy he's going to die. By the afternoon I started getting most of the symptoms of Dryhanten and they felt horrible. The one I was most scared of was the swelling of the throat. I knew that that one would kill me faster. I sortof wish I could tell the future so I could see what was going to come of us, but that would only make me more scared.

"Dr.Calicar, tell me about your life.", I said.

"Theres not alot to tell, i'm a fifty four old man whose been a doctor for thirty years."

Dr.Calicar replied.

"Well do you have any kids?", I asked

"Yea, I had one but he died at the age of two so I don't like to talk about it.", Dr.Calicar answered while his eyes were getting watery.

He reminded me of myself not liking to talk of my feelings.

July 4, 1963

All I've been thinking about were those beasts living in the hospital trying to escape, and me living with Dryhanten. Dr. Calicar has been checking the hospital but I couldn't go with him because my cough has gotten worse and it has gotten hard to breath.

Today when he came back he told me that they were getting more mad and aggressive. He said that he thinks we have to protect the house so they won't be able to get into the house if they escape. I kinda thought that even if we protect the house they'll be strong enough and bardge in anyway. I don't think anything will prevent them from killing us. I really hate the world right now and I just can't wait for this to be over with. My head hurts every two minutes and I can't stop coughing. All I can do is go to sleep.

July 5, 1963,

I had a dream of me dying and trying to find my parents but I couldn't find them. I got scared and awoke because of my bad cough. When I woke up I realized Dr. Calicar wasn't there so I got worried. When I looked out the window my car was gone so I just thought he was checking out the hospital. I was wondering what time he left because he never left this early. After a while of bad coughing and throwing up he still wasn't here. I didn't know what was happening and that really bugged me. I really needed him because my cough was getting worse, my head started hurting, and sometimes I felt like I was being choked and I could hardly breath. By now I kinda new that somethin was seriously wrong. I knew that all the patients escaped and they're probably killing

innocent people. I started to cry.

"Hey, maybe I'll get to see Dr. Calicar when I die and I knew I was definitely going to see my parents.", I said to myself.

I don't know why I was crying. Maybe it was tears of joy or something.

"Should I just kill myself to get it over with? It's not like I'm not going to die anyway.", I thought. I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I'm just thinking random stuff. I'm thinking of how Dr. Calicar was my only friend and now he's gone. Wow I really have a sad life. The only thing I could do now is go to sleep and wait until I die...

July 6, 1963

Right now I'm on the floor and I could hardly breathe. BANG, BANG is all I can hear coming from my door. I can't remember how I got on the floor but I just ended up here. Right now I think I'm having a heart attack but I can still manage to write. My stomach is hurting really bad and I can't take the pain. I made an effort to say shut up to the beasts but I'm sure only I could only hear myself. So I guess this is the end. Now I can't breathe. I'm....trying.....my best.....to.... write.....but now..... it's getting.....real difficult.....goodbye

